THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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GREAT BEND, - - - - KANSAS.

HOW A GIRL BUYS SHOES.

Miss Minnie to a shoe store sped
To buy a pair of shoes;
"I take slim 'threes,'" she smiling said,
"Although I *might* wear 'twos.'"

The shoe man eyed her stockinged feet,
Of size at least "five-E,"
And knew that she could never put
It in a "number three."

And knowing, too, that he must please,
He brought her "threes" and tried,
By getting down on both his knees,
To squeeze her foot inside.

Miss Minnie doubled up her toes
And pushed with might and main;
Her face grew redder than a rose—
Her struggle was in vain.

"How strange!" she gasped; "what ails the shoe?"
The shoe man answered sweet:
"May I show, Miss, a 'four' to you?—
Warm weather swells the feet."

He brought the "fours" and using strength
He squeezed her feet inside.
"It looks just horrid—see the length
And breadth," mad Minnie cried.

And then she hobbled to the door
And limped along the street,
In agony because she wore
Shoes smaller than her feet.

Though Minnie wears the shoes with pride,
And shows them everywhere,
Her poor, distorted feet must hide
Whenever they are bare.

For when it's time to go to bed
And give her pedals ease,
Ingrowing nails, corns, bunions red
And tangled toes she sees.

* * * * * * * * *

Give us the girl who keeps her feet
As pretty as her hands,
In shoes adapted for the street
And not for Chinese lands.

—H. C. Dodge, in N. Y. World.

A DAY OF RECKONING.

The Story of a Lawyer Who Acted as Peace-Maker.

"Ah, there you are mistaken! Lawyers, though not usually ranked among peace-makers, are yet far from being, as a class, fond of fomenting strife. I know there is an impression abroad that we are apt to encourage strife, and so make business; but I think if the fraternity had a fair hearing, there might be a change in your judgment."

So spoke my friend, John Bailey, as we left the supper-table and came into the sitting-room of John's pleasant home, where I was spending a short vacation.

John, after going through college with me, had studied law and settled in our native village, while I had sought fortune abroad. It was on the occasion of one of my visits to my old home that I had accepted John's earnest invitation for an old-fashioned visit.

I had remarked at supper upon the aptitude of lawyers for smelling litigations afar, which had provoked the denial I have quoted.

"No, sir," repeated John, as he wheeled an easy chair around to the fire-side corner for me, and seated himself and baby in another, "I enjoy nothing better than making peace, and I finished up a job of that kind last week that gives me satisfaction every time I think about it. Want to hear about it?"

"Of course," I replied.

You know (he proceeded) when I first became acquainted with my wife she was a school-ma'am in the lower part of the country. Well, she boarded all the time she taught there, about three years, with a family named Ordway. They came to consider her as one of the family, and she felt a good deal that way too.

So when I persuaded her to give up district school-teaching and make a select scholar, as a matter of course they took me into their good graces, and ever since I count theirs as one of the homes to which we go occasionally to have a thoroughly good time.

Uncle Ordway has always been on the school board of the district, is rather above the medium farmer in education, and has more than average intelligence, a broad-spirited, big-hearted old man, who, though very kindly in disposition, is possessed of a strong will, and is not easily turned aside, when once his mind is made up, or in defense of what he thinks is right.

So when, this winter, Archie McDonald, his neighbor's son, took it into his head to run away from school, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his inexperienced teacher, Mr. Ordway, with one other director—the third was Archie's father—promptly took the matter in hand, and convinced young McDonald that he must be obedient, or leave the school. The elder McDonald took affront and came up to town to inquire of me if he could not, by the aid of the law, reverse the action of the "meddlin' directors usurpin' to themselves authority, an' takin' to themselves over much power."

I read him the school law, and gave him no encouragement of the sort he wished, but considerable friendly advice in a manner calculated to console his wounded Scotch spirit. I got matters so smoothed over that no further action was taken, and the boy went on his way in better behavior, I hoped, and the neighborhood was, I flattered myself, saved a deal of ill-feeling that a lawsuit would have engendered.

Mr. Ordway, now that his spirit was up, was almost disappointed that there had not been a suit, but expressed himself satisfied as matters were. Mr. McDonald was not satisfied.

I was surprised when, two weeks later, he came again to see me. He was about to begin a suit at law against his neighbor, Mr. Ordway, for a debt, and wished to retain me as his counsel.

I gave him a chair, and asked him a few questions, which he answered very readily. Mr. Ordway and himself had been neighbors a long while; there had been dealings back and forth, exchange of work, of seed, corn and oats; they had harvested, threshed and gathered corn on both farms. Most of these exchanges he had kept account of, some little he trusted to memory; but now—and in his excitement the Scotch tongue asserted itself—"If he maun be so vary particler, if Meester Or-rdway maun go a-settin' people to reets, altogether he maun straighten up. I'll hae done wi' him, an' he maun settle!"

"Have you asked him to setttle?" I inquired.

"Certainly, an' he denies the account."

"Does he deny any indebtedness?"

"Oh no, but says it's not so much. But I'm determined he shall pay it all. He's been tryin' to make my boy the scapegoat for the neighborhood, an' he'd better look out. He's got little himsel, an' he should na throw stones!"

"Why, Mr. McDonald," said I, "I have always thought that you and Mr. Ordway were on the best of terms. I've often heard him speak very highly of you. Will it be wise to let this little school matter disturb your friendliness?"

"Oh, it isn't jest the school matter; it's been a pilin' up for a good spell. This school affair has jest showed me what he is. He's awfully set in his way, an' because he's got a bit learnin' more than the rest of us, an' has prospered in this world's goods, he wants to manage the rest of us. Must needs build a new school-house in spite of us, must pit the the new bridge where he said; but I'll have done wi' him!"

"Does your wife know of the coolness between you and Mr. Ordway? Or are your wives on good terms notwithstanding?"

"Oh, bless your life! My wife thinks the sun rises an' sets in Mistress Ordway, an' I suppose nothing less than a cyclone would disturb their relations. Nevertheless, when I'm done with the Ordways, my family's done with 'em. I'm free to acknowledge, though, thet Mistress Ordway's a fine woman. I'm sartain sure that our Maggie wouldn't be livin' to-day if it had no been for her. She came right in when we thought she'd die of scarlet fever, when help nor sympathy could no be had for love nor money. My wife down sick, an' us a thinkin' that our one girl was slippin' away from us; an' Mistress Ordway came right in, an' nursed her back to life, an' Maggie loves her now next her mother. But," straightening up, "I'm *done* wi' them!"

Just then there was a rap at the office door, and when I went to open it, who should stand there but Ordway himself.

We shook hands heartily, as we always did, and though the neighbors spoke to each other, it was manifestly a forced courtesy and McDonald took his hat, saying he would call again.

I followed him to the door, and told him I had business in his neighborhood the next week, and would come to his house on Wednesday morning. It was a happy thought, almost an inspiration, that prompted the measure, but he assented readily, only saying as he turned to go that he would pay me ten pounds when the case was settled either way.

When I had closed the door on my new client I asked Mr. Ordway if he had been up to the house, or would he go? That I should go with him and get some dinner, and give Nellie and the kid a chance to see him. He laughingly interrupted me by saying he came on business, but as McDonald had forestalled him he had as well go home.

"Why, Uncle Ordway," said I, "are you going to law?"

"I'm obliged to," he answered. "Acknowledge now, wasn't McDonald wanting your services in a prosecution against me?"

"Just so," said I, "though we came to no definite understanding, and you can at least state your case."

"Well, I wanted to secure you to defend me, but as he is ahead of me, I'll go down and speak to Jones about it, and go home."

"Oh, come now, I don't like Jones! I'd hate awfully to be beaten by him, even if you did win. Sit down, and let's talk it over."

"Well, Bailey, you know I'd rather have you, but I'm sure McDonald can't succeed in any fair way, though I may owe him something, I can't be right positive. We've neighbored for a long time. I've kept account of every thing, except once or twice in case of sickness. We've just kind of swapped good turns, and I never dreamed of being drawn into a lawsuit. It hurts me. It's just all raked up because we had to deal with that wild Scotch lad Archie of his. Little scalawag! Did you ever think, Bailey, about that Scripture: 'One sinner destroyeth much good?' Here's Arch McDonald, nothin' much one way nor another, only that he's full of animal spirits, an' no liking for books, a chip off the old block, and he's like to set the whole neighborhood by the ears."

"Are the other McDonalds hard to deal with?" I inquired.

"No, there are only Ned and little Maggie, nicest kind of a little girl. My wife loves her nearly as well as she does her own girls. And as for Ned—well, to be confidential with you, I expect to have Ned McDonald for a son-in-law some day, and he's a good boy in all respects. Takes after his mother, though."

"Why, this does put a serious face on the whole business," said I.

"Of course it does," said my old friend. "I'm troubled about it, and what's worse, my wife's troubled, too. She sets great store by Mrs. Mac, who is a weakly, discouraged sort of woman. Mac doesn't mean to be unkind, but he is rather coarse in fiber, and his circumstances not being very good, he hasn't supplied his wife with much that a delicate, refined woman covets. Mrs. Mac is fond of books and literature, which he affects to despise, and he never supplies the means for little niceties in dress that women prize, and my wife and girls, in their friendship in the family, have met this want in a measure. They take as much pleasure in little Maggie's fineries as they do in their own."

"Dear me," said I, "it is a pity you should quarrel."

"I say so, too," replied Mr. Ordway, "but, of course, when auld Sandie McDonald makes up his mind to be 'at oots' with me, that's all ended. I can't let him pick my pocket, even to gratify his spite. If he must needs gratify his ill-temper, we'll have a hustle, and I had better go and see Jones."

I had been formulating a plan of which I had thought when McDonald was leaving, so I said: "Mr. Ordway, let me tell you what we'll do. I'm coming down to your house early Wednesday morning. Do you and Aunt Ruth be ready, and go with me over to Mac's. We'll go to dinner. You can put up with his coolness for one day, at least. Bring your accounts along, and your own and your wife's memories, and we shall see how we shall prosper in the character of peace-makers."

"I'll do it," said he, slapping his knee. "He can't prosecute till you get ready, and may be so," and his eyes twinkled. "may be so we can arbitrate?"

It was growing late, and he took his leave without coming down to the house, much to Nellie's regret, when I told her of his visit. On Monday I sent a note to McDonald, telling him to ask Ordway to come over on Wednesday, and between us I fancied we could bring him to terms; at any rate, that would give us a good hold on him, whether he came or not.

On Wednesday morning I went down on the early train, and walked on to the home of the McDonalds. I had never met any of the family but the father, and I was not surprised to find the mother fully up to the description given me by Ordway, a refined, handsome, though faded woman. I couldn't but think as I contrasted the couple, as they were making me welcome in their old-country fashion, that she had carried the heaviest part of their mutual life burdens, and was fainting by the way, while he way yet fresh and vigorous.

He informed me that he had sent Ned over to the Ordways, requesting his presence, and then introduced Ned, a fine, scholarly-looking fellow of twenty or thereabouts, with father's physique and mother's features, and our acquaintance was scarcely formed before he excused himself courteously, and went out to welcome the neighbors; a welcome indeed from himself and mother; but there was not much welcome in Auld Sandie's curt salutation, though the old fellow did unbend a little when he greeted "Mistress Ordway."

With no pretense of sociability, I proceeded to business in a very lawyer-like manner. I displayed no friendship to the Ordways, but played the disinterested legal adviser to the best of my ability.

McDonald suggested that we men go to the front room; but as a part of my plan depended on the women, I protested against leaving them, and had my way.

Mr. McDonald placed his chair at one end of the table, and drew out a drawer, from which he took a big account book. I seated myself about midway of the side of the table, and Mr. Ordway brought his account book to the lower end.

Ordway began by saying: "By your request, neighbor, I've brought my book, though I can't say it has been very correctly kept. If Mr. Bailey says how much I owe you I'll pay it, but no more."

I wished he had said nothing, for Auld Sandy put on his most beligerent air, and said, dogmatically: "I shall trust friend Bailey to determine how much you owe."

I set about with a pretence of system, but in reality very informally, to get to the bottom of their differences. I took paper and patiently set down debit and credit, as they each came to it.

After we had gone through the accounts of two or three years we came to a credit on McDonald's book of a week's work by a Swedish man in corn-gathering, of which Ordway's book showed no record.

The two men looked puzzled a bit, and finally Mr. Ordway turned to his wife and said. "Ruth, did we ever have a Swedish man hired?" "Why, of course, James; don't you mind you sent him—Olaf we called him—to work a week in Mr. Mac's corn, and he made us all laugh so when he came home saying he hadn't 'spik one vord all veek,' because they couldn't understand him? *You* remember it, Mrs. McDonald, don't you?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. McDonald. "I remember you were down with rheumatism, though, Alec, and knew nothing about it. Ned made that entry in the book; is it not his writing?"

"It's not mine," said McDonald, shortly, his Scotch sense of justice asserting itself, though as yet without voice.

"Oh, yes, I do remember about Olaf," said Ordway, "but I never put *that* down; I never yet made a charge against a neighbor who was flat on his back and helpless."

"Oh, but right is right," said McDonald, "put it down, Bailey."

"No, you won't, Bailey," said Ordway. "I never meant to make a charge, and I won't now."

"Well, not to be too long with my story, we went on through the books. We found charges on one book for seed-corn that had been considered by the other as an offset for wheat. Once there was an exchange of potatoes for cabbages with a balance set down in one book to one man's credit, which the other man would not allow.

More than once we found help furnished by one man to the other when the recipient gave credit, and the neighbor refused it. The wives were called to so often that they forgot their cheerful visiting and listened. Mrs. McDonald called to her husband's mind how once when he was sick Ordway had sent teams and brought in their winter's fuel. Ordway called to her mind how McDonald had nursed him tenderly through a fever, consequent upon a broken leg, when no one could lift him so carefully as her husband.

McDonald gave several credits which Ordway would not allow, and I began to fear that Mac's bill would at least appear just; but presently we came to a year in which Ordway had charged a hundred bushels of corn, six shoats, a young horse, and several smaller animals, and Mac's book was a blank! not an

I glanced up at McDonald for explanation, and his brows were knitted, and he seemed striving to remember something, but suddenly his face cleared, and he exclaimed:

"Why, what an oversight! Not a credit down. 'Tis the year that I went back to Scotland! Ned was sick all the time I was away; my hogs all died of cholera, and the best horse I had was stolen. Meester Ordway, if I mistake not, you should have a charge here for work? The others are all correct; pit them doon, Bailey."

However, we came on down through the years, and the books agreed very well. The last page was reached at last, and I handed my figures to young McDonald, requesting him to make a clear draft of them, and we would both reckon.

There was evidently small need of reckoning; matters would have adjusted themselves without my aid. I glanced at the old Scot, and saw that memory was at work and would conquer.

Ordway was speaking to Mrs. McDonald when quick steps in the hall told us that school was out. A thick-set, broad-faced boy, whom I recognized as Archie, opened the door, and the moment he did so a little girl behind him flung away the coat and hood she was in the act of hanging on the rack, and with a suppressed cry bounded toward Mrs. Ordway, flinging her arms around her neck and covering her face with kisses.

Of course, I knew it was little Maggie. Her mother spoke to her gently, and both she and sturdy Archie came to me and offered their hands in greeting.

When Ned had finished his copy we went to work, and were soon able to announce the result, both having arrived at almost the exact figures at the same moment, and Mr. McDonald was found to be in Mr. Ordway's debt an even five pounds.

Though I had anticipated some such result from the books, I was hardly prepared for what followed.

McDonald rose to his feet, and, addressing Mr. Ordway, said: "Neebor, I am a man of few words, as you weel know. I hope you will believe me when I say I truly *thought* you owed *me*. I'm glad 'tis the other way, and I'm owin' *you*. There is your money, and I hope you will forgive me, for I've been in the wrong."

Ordway hesitated a moment, and in that moment I thought I never had seen a finer specimen of manhood. He had risen from his chair and his face was glowing with feeling, as he stepped round the table to where his old neighbor was standing and extended his hand, saying:

"Old friend, I came here this morning with great reluctance, expecting to lose you, but I feel that I have never sufficiently valued you heretofore. I do not feel as though I had any thing to forgive, and I am too well convinced of your sterling honesty to doubt for a moment your motive."

The two shook hands, and Ordway received the money.

Mac then turned to me and said: "Bailey, I promised you ten pounds whether you won my case or no. Here is your money, and I give it cheerfully. You hae dune weel."

I remonstrated, told him I had my money's worth double in the satisfaction I felt in their restored friendship, in which I hoped for a share. I saw, however, that he would be offended if I persisted in my refusal, so I told him I really could not accept more than half the proffered amount, and he, with apparent reluctance, consented, and I handed him back half the money.

Ordway, handing the five pounds which Mr. Mac had just paid him to me, said he wanted to pay his share. I took it promptly, carefully smoothed it, and laid the money together. Then, while the boys had gone for the team and Mac and Ordway were discussing some matter connected with their church work, and little Maggie was helping Mrs. Ordway with her wraps, I conversed a short time with Mrs. McDonald, and gave her the roll of bills.

She refused at first to take them; but I assured her I had not earned them in any sense, and would really feel happy in the thought that she could use the money in any way she chose as her own.

Of course, I need not tell you that that is the end of my story. I had not done much that day to increase my income; but I don't know that I ever felt happier in winning any case than I did when I sat down to supper that night with Nellie and the baby over that settlement.

Two good neighbors restored to their old friendship and all old scores settled to the satisfaction of every one! That was a lawyer's triumph worth striving after!—Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

Rugs Healthier Than Carpets.

The hygienic disadvantages of carpet-dust have been considerably overrated. In the homes of wealthy Turks, where lung diseases are almost unknown, every sitting-room and bedroom is often furnished with the heaviest woolen carpets, which are rarely removed oftener than once in three years. Dust, under those circumstances, can hardly be avoided, but of such impurities our respiratory organs seem able to rid themselves by a mere sifting process, and the true lung bane is, indeed, not dust, but the subtle poison of vitiated gases. The sanitary statistics of European cities prove that teamster work, and even street-sweeping, are by no means incompatible with longevity. Still, in rooms where dust is apt to accumulate, movable rugs are, on the whole, preferable to large carpets, which, indeed, they have begun to supercede in the model parlors of many sanitary establishments.—Felix L. Oswald, M. D.

—A Georgia farmer prevents his cows from jumping a fence by cutting off their lower eye-lashes—make them think the fence is three times as high as it really is. If you cut the upper lashes a reverse delusion will result, he says.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India has been found to measure ten feet six inches high.

—An old bachelor died recently in Rome leaving the Pope 1,000,000 lire. To his sister he left a monthly allowance of five lire.

—At a bazaar in Vienna an English millionaire paid $5,000 for a kiss from one of the beautiful stall holders—the Marchioness Pallaviccini.

—Sir Conrad Reeves, the Chief Justice of Barbados, is of slave descent on his mother's side, and is the first mulatto who has received the honor of Knighthood.

—The Sepoys of India kicked up a great rebelion about hog's grease, but their tastes have changed in the last five years and they now eat American ham and bacon with as much gusto as a European.

—A prominent Turkish official in Constantinople laments the spread of Christianity among the women of Turkey, on the ground that it will soon lead the Turkish ladies to dress as immodestly as Christian ladies.

—Cremation is apparently growing in favor with the aristocratic classes in England. One of the great landed owners of London, and the descendant of an illustrious line of dukes (name not given) is reported to have made a donation of $5,000 to the Cremation Society of England, and his body is to be burned after death.

—The total population of Bulgaria and Rumelia, strangers included, was ascertained on January 1st, 1888, to be 3,154,575. Of these 2,336,250 were Bulgarians, 904,000 Turks, and only 86,000 Greeks. The Turkish race in Bulgaria exhibits a singular predominance of females, who number 607,000, and 58,000 of the Greeks are females. Among the Bulgarians and other races the males are in excess.

—The Empress of Russia, like her sister, the Princess of Wales, never wears high-crowned or large-brimmed hats, which, indeed, would be unsuited to the delicate type of her beauty. Every thing must be small and neat and compact, whether hat or bonnet. Her favorite colors are pale blue and mauve.

—In the town library of Nuremberg is preserved an interesting globe, made by John Schoner, professor of mathemathics in the gymnasium there A. D. 1520. It is very remarkable that the passage through the Isthmus of Panama, so much sought after in later times, is on this old globe carefully delineated.

—Hair-dyeing is becoming general among the laboring people of England—not from motives of vanity, but under the spur of necessity. Working women, and even men, it appears, are given to decorating themselves in this way as a matter of necessity, and in order to earn their living. Gray hair looks aged, and suggests inefficiency; or perhaps it does not, for some other reason, satisfy the fancy of critical customers; consequently it is not in favor with employers. Hair-dyeing has therefore become an established custom among persons seeking employment.

—From the last report of Krupp's establishment at Essen it appears that in 1833 there were only nine workmen, and in 1848, seventy-four. In July, 1888, the establishment employed 20,960 men, of whom 13,626 were at Essen. Including the families of the workmen they supported a population of 73,969 souls, of whom 24,193 lived in houses provided by the firm. There are at Essen 1,195 furnaces of various constructions, 286 boilers, ninety-two steam hammers of from 100 to 50,000 kilos, 370 steam engines, with a total of 27,000 horse-power, 1,724 different machines, and 361 cranes. Of coal and coke, 2,735 tons are daily used and eleven high furnaces of the latest constructions produce 600 tons of iron per day.

ACROSS GREENLAND.

The Thrilling Story of a Danish Explorer's Snow-Shoe Trip.

Since Dr. Nansen's return to Denmark he has added very interesting details to the story of his trip across Greenland. The fact that his party, after leaving the ship within twelve miles of Umivik, where they expected to begin their land journey, drifted many miles south in the ice and were over three weeks reaching their destination on the coast, shows the immense difficulty of penetrating the ice barrier that the prevailing winds keep constantly packed against the eastern shores of Greenland.

Some of the isolated natives unaccustomed to the sight of white men, fled in terror, though Captain Holm's sojourn among them during one winter should have taught them better. Probably no tribe were so thoroughly introduced to the public by means of the camera as these natives, of whom numerous photographs appear in Captain Holm's recent book.

The six men of the Nansen expedition were a spectacle worth seeing as they gained the lofty summit of the inland ice, all tied together with a rope, as though they were climbing the Matterhorn. It was a wise precaution, for the snow concealed not a few gaping crevices in the thick ice, and now and then the fragile bridge gave way under some member of the party. It was heavy sledging in the soft snow of the Arctic summer, but the party, on their snow-shoes, dragging five little sledges, made fifty miles in the first twelve days. They were steadily climbing toward the summit of Greenland's ice plain, which, as we have learned within the past few years, is higher than any other extensive plateau in the world except those of the Pamir and some parts of Thibet.

The party occupied over two weeks in crossing this almost level expanse of ice, 9,000 feet above the sea. It was now September, and at the enormous height of nearly 3,000 feet above the summit of our Mount Washington, it is easy to understand that the Greenland tourists were impeded no longer by soft and yielding snow. The temperature, however, was seldom lower than twenty degrees below zero, but many snow storms and great drifts impeded the progress of the travelers.

At last they reached the eastern slope of the frozen sea, and, hoisting their sails, they found that much of the time it was no longer necessary to haul on the sledge ropes. Often they traveled behind their sledges to hold them back and rattled down the long slope at a splendid rate. Now and then, however, they were face to face with the most startling dangers, as once, when they paused on the edge of a great crevice which seemed like the mouth of a bottomless abyss. They had other hairbreadth escapes, and once nearly lost their lives through the breaking of a snow-bridge. Earlier travelers on the inland ice of Greenland have found that the need of making long detours to get around crevices was one of the greatest obstacles in their way.

At last the flords of the western coast were reached. In forty days the little party had traveled three hundred miles, from sea to sea. We do not yet know what scientific value attaches to this expedition; but it is likely to add interesting facts to our knowledge of this stupendous ice mass, which, moving very slowly toward the coasts, finds some outlet for its accumulations through the flords. Contemplating this tremendous ice movement, it is not difficult to believe that we see in the Greenland of to-day the conditions that, in a past geological age, tore great bowlders of trap from the Palisades, and huge granite and other rock masses from far northern regions, and strewed them along the shores of Long Island.—N. Y. Sun.

ENCAUSTIC PROCESSES.

Those Practiced by the Egyptians in the Time of the Roman Emperors.

In the older Egyptian mummies the face of the outer casing is usually modeled in relief, in a purely conventional way, but in this latest form of burial under the Roman empire a portrait of the deceased was painted on a very thin piece of wood and then fixed over the dead face. It is very remarkable to find such fine coloring and skillful drawing in work of this late date, which must have been turned out of an ordinary undertaker's workshop. The portraits, both male and female, are most vivid and lifelike; the ladies are mostly dressed in a purple garment and the men in white, with a red orphrey. The modeling of the flesh is very skillful, and in some cases the coloring reminds one of the Venetian school from its rich depth of tone. A special point of interest about these paintings is their technical execution in the hot wax, or encaustic process, as it was called. The pigments were mixed with melted wax, and then fixed in their places by holding a charcoal brazier near the surface of the painting, as is described by Vitruvius. The somewhat lumpy *impasto* of the surface is due to the hardening of the melted wax when the brush touched the cold surface of the panel, and, owing to the non-absorbent nature of the wood, the subsequent application of heat was not able to drive the wax below the surface, as was the case with encaustic painting upon stucco. One of these portraits is noticeable from its ornamental framing with a flowing pattern, formed by pressing wooden stamps upon soft stucco, which was afterward gilt, a process exactly like that which was so often used to decorate mediæval pictures on panel, especially retables, or ancone, as the Venetians called them.—Saturday Review.

EXCITEMENT IN MUNICH.

The Serious Mistake Accidentally Made by a Bavarian Drug Clerk.

A lady entered one of the prominent drug stores, the other day, desiring a cure for a cold. The clerk, a man of long experience, reached into one of the chests for a popular remedy for colds, and handed it to the woman, who went on her way rejoicing. A few minutes later he opened the chest again, and, to his horror, found it filled with a poison which had been placed there temporarily owing to the lack of labels. The police were immediately notified, but failed to find the lady in question. Criers were sent out, who ran about the city proclaiming the incident, and telling all who had purchased the popular remedy to proceed to the station to have it examined. Red placards were placed upon the bill boards. "Extras" were thrown about the city, with sensational headings—"A Life Endangered," "A Case of Poison," and the like—until the whole town was excited, and the majority of the inhabitants seemed hunting the woman with the "popular remedy."

The station was overcrowded with people and invalids of all kinds, who had come to have their medicines examined. There was moaning and gnashing of teeth, and hysterical women declaring, despite ruddy cheeks, that they were at the point of death; others ready to take farewell of their dear ones; in all, a scene like a mild pandemonium, frightening the poor policemen out of their senses. But though the firm paid over one thousand marks in advertising, the investigation proved unavailing. The unfortunate woman did not appear.—Munich Letter.

The Crocodile's Rich Feast.

Better far to bear the ills you know than fly to those you know not of. If the seventy-five Kaffirs at the cape who bolted from the May Queen reef to rid themselves of daily toil had borne the old adage in mind the bulk of them would have been in the land of the living to-day. Instead of that some of them are in the land of the leal—perhaps—and others in a much warmer place. This is how it all happened: When said natives bolted pursuit was hot. Black men jumped into a river, but only four out of the lot reached the other side. It was a case of crocodile first, and natives next to nowhere. The crocodiles had a high old time of it with seventy-five plump Kaffirs to feed upon. In a race for liberty a policeman may be outstripped or outmaneuvered—a crocodile never—or scarcely ever.—Cape Town Argus.

HOME AND FARM.

—When the soil is soft after a rain is a good time to pull up mullen, plantain, dock or other undesirable weeds in the lawn.

—Teach boys and girls the actual facts of life as soon as they are able to understand them, and give them the sense of responsibility without saddening them.

—If the corn planting is a week behind the harvesting is likely to be two weeks behind. The time that is lost in the spring can't be overtaken during the summer.

—Any kind of succulent food is good for cattle and will help them to increase in flesh. Milch animals are especially benefitted by such food. The only caution necessary is not to use such food for milch cows as will give a bad flavor to the milk.

—Faith, Love and Hope in the Home will weave their influence in the heart. Pure affections and an earnest, holy purpose will bring their own reward of happiness in the end. Avoid as crime the whining discontent over what is, and the feverish anxiety for what is not.—St. Louis Magazine.

—Creole Cake: Beat the yelks of two eggs with a cup and a half of sugar and two ounces of butter together until very light, add a cup of cold water, a cup and a half of flour, beat smooth, add the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs, and a cup and a half more of sifted flour, with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little grated nutmeg. Mix well and bake in a moderate oven until done.

—Don't you wish you had tiled that low place last year? If you can not do it this year run two furrows through it throwing them from each other, then go through the same way again, making a ditch two furrows wide and two deep, drag the ridge down and you will be pleased with the result from the little outlay of time and labor.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—Dutch Cheese: Scald loppered milk till the whey becomes separated and the curd feels like sharp grains to the tongue. Stir lightly, occasionally, to keep from sticking to the bottom of the pan or kettle; then set where it will settle perfectly; then pour off the whey and turn the curd into a thin cloth and squeeze dry; then rub fine with the hands, salt to taste, and wet up with sweet cream till it is of a right consistency to make into balls.

—The farmer's son is just as honorable and is as honorably employed when taking a load of hay to town and carting a load of manure home to enrich the farm, as he would be if standing behind the merchant's counter measuring dry goods, and the prospect of setting up in business for himself is as 100 to one in favor of the worker on the farm, at the present low price of farms compared with the chances before the clerk.—Rural World.

—A good crop of hay for feed can often be secured after it is too late to plant corn to a good advantage by sowing millet or Hungarian. Or, if needed, sorghum or corn can be sown, on wheat stubble, if reasonably rich and well prepared, and a good yield of fodder for winter feeding be secured. Turnips can be sown in the same way and they will make a good feed for sheep and cattle, adding to the variety and increasing the supply of feed for winter.

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

Effective Treatment of an Old Kentucky Apple Orchard.

The following from notes on the treatment of an old orchard at the farm of the Kentucky Experiment Station, together with some suggestions, may be of use to persons who have old orchards in the condition described. Many of the trees were old and full of suckers and dead limbs, the trunks were rough, the tops were almost matted with branches, and many of the branches were so low as to prevent proper cultivation. The situation was on a very wet, thin clay soil, which had been seeded to English blue-grass. So far as known, the orchard had been an entire failure heretofore as to fruit. Sometimes the trees fruited heavily, but the apples dropped prematurely and were always wormy.

It was concluded to attempt an improvement of this orchard by trimming, fertilizing and cultivating, and also by destroying the codling moth with London purple. Accordingly all dead limbs were removed and the tops of the trees trimmed, though not to such an extent as to allow the main branches to be exposed too much to the sun. Tobacco stems were placed around the trees and the ground was plowed, and spaded where the plow could not reach. The trees were sprayed with London purple, four ounces to forty gallons of water in a barrel mounted on a cart, which was driven to the windward side of the trees, when one man pumped while another held the nozzle applying the spray, so as to go just above the tree and fall down on the leaves and young fruit.

As the result it is stated that most of the trees in the orchard bore fruit, and many were loaded down. But few apples dropped prematurely, and but few of these were wormy. Of the apples on the trees only a few could be found that had been attacked by the codling moth, while in neighboring orchards it was rare to find a sound apple.

The experiment affords another added to the many instances already known of the beneficial effect of spraying with the arsenites as a protection against the codling moth. From the description it would seem that the location was a poor one for an orchard. Where situations better adapted to fruit can not be had, such as the one described would be much improved by underdraining. In general, proper pruning, stirring the soil and manuring will renovate an orchard that is not too old to be improved in that way, and at present it looks as though spraying to save the fruit after it has formed will have to become more and more common. Not only is it effective against the codling moth, but it is at the same time equally so on all leaf-eating insects.—N. Y. World.